

We enter the story in the first episode. It is the Doctor's first evening in the research center, and he has identified Sarah as an imposter posing as Lavinia Smith. He calls her on it by remarking how she must have written her famous paper on the virus when she was five years old, and the girl reporter explains herself. And this is where we take a detour away from the television version. 'Now I suppose you're going to report me to the Brigadier,' says Sarah, finishing her story.

The Doctor wonders if there's someplace they can discuss this privately. Sarah shows him into the cubicle she has been assigned, and shuts the door. The Doctor looks round: it's a small space, with few amenities, just a bed and a suitcase, no chair or dressing mirror, but there's enough room for what he has in mind. He sits down on the bed, but something about his commanding look tells Sarah that she should remain standing. 'By rights I should report you,' he tells her. 'But then the Brigadier would have to hand you over to the police.'

Sarah sees that there's a chance, and takes it. 'But you think there might be an alternative?'

The Doctor rubs the back of his neck and nods. 'I could deal with you myself, and then you could leave quietly in the morning.'

There's a slight nervous quaver in her voice as she asks, 'And how are you going to 'deal with me', Doctor?' But the answer is not one she was ever expecting. The Doctor looks her in the eye and says:

'I shall put you across my knee.'

Irritated by what she takes for flippancy, Sarah tries to muster all the contempt she feels it deserves. 'Yes, yes,' she says. 'You're going to take down my trousers and panties and give me a good spanking on my bare bottom.' Her voice grows a fraction harder, a fraction shriller, as she looks him back in the eye and continues: 'Now stop being so patronizing, Doctor, and tell me what you're really going to do.'

'I'm not joking, Miss Smith. I'm not going to pull your trousers down, but you are going to be spanked. Or would you rather I fetched the Brigadier?'

This is more than Sarah can comprehend: the very idea is crazy. 'I'm twenty-three years old,' she insists. 'You can't just treat me like a naughty little girl!'

'Twenty-three? Well I'm over seven hundred, and a naughty little girl is exactly what you are to me. Come here!' And with that he grabs her and puts her across his knee.

As she goes from vertical to horizontal, her pants tighten around her

bottom and the waistband draws down like a broadening smile. The white scalloped top of her panties peeks over, and lower down her visible panty line becomes even more visible. 'You can't! You can't!' she yells, but the Doctor can and does. The spanking begins, and all Sarah's protests are reduced to one simple word: 'Ow! Oww! Owwwww!'

Next morning, after a night spent sleeping facedown, Sarah reaches sleepily inside her suitcase, preparing to dress. Seeing that she's pulled out a pair of red panties, she grimaces at the thought of what her bottom must look like after what the Doctor did to her, and isn't sure whether to be grateful or annoyed that there's no mirror to show her. Making a decision, she returns the red panties to the case and selects a more delicate color.

At breakfast she encounters Professor Rubeish. He's excited and puzzled in equal parts. He's been hearing rumors from the other scientists about the ghosts in the research center, like the armored man who appears during the hours of darkness, but never till now has he had any experiences of his own. Last night he heard ghosts himself! 'It sounded for all the world as if a young girl was being spanked,' he tells Sarah. 'I must find out more about the former occupants of this house. Because,' he laughs, 'it's something that wouldn't be happening here nowadays, now would it?'

'No,' agrees Sarah, hoping the Professor's too blind to see the hot blush spreading across her face.

Part of Sarah is furious with the Doctor and determined to make her editor print an exposé, but another part of her just wants out of there. But when she tries to leave, she finds the UNIT guards won't let her go: the scientists are being kept in the research center for their own safety, but they are effectively prisoners. That settles it. She's going to have to stay out of the Doctor's way, but she's also going to find out everything she can about him - and when her article sees print, he'll be sorry.

So that's the grounds for her next conversation with Rubeish, during which she suggests that the Doctor might be a spy - which Rubeish later mentions to the Doctor. Since Sarah is busy avoiding him, we'll have to forgo their next onscreen meeting, with the discussion of delta particles. Instead, Sarah goes snooping around in the TARDIS, looking for further evidence against him... which is how she finds herself whisked back to medieval times when Rubeish is kidnapped and the Doctor follows the trail.

The story now continues as televized, and we move on to Part 2, when Sarah has been dragged into Irongron's castle and puts up a spirited resistance to the medieval thug, taking him for just a modern-day pageant performer who is getting a bit carried away. In this version she gives Irongron more than just the rough edge of her tongue: eventually

she slaps his face...

'By heaven, I'll have the skin off your rump for that!' snarls Irongron, and grabs her. 'Fetch my ruffians, Bloodaxe, to see the wench flogged!'

Fortunately for Sarah, when Bloodaxe goes to the door he meets Linx coming in. The Sontaran is less interested in the prospect of witnessing a public flogging than in the time anomaly which Sarah represents, and in turn Irongron is more interested in the weapons Linx has promised him than in taking his revenge on Sarah. So as the conversation proceeds, Sarah seizes her chance to sneak away, and eventually reaches Wessex Castle.

After the climax of her first encounter with the Doctor, Sarah is now better motivated for casting him as the villain of the piece: as in the televised version, she bad-mouths him to Sir Edward of Wessex, identifying him as an evil magician working for Irongron, and she leads the expedition to capture him from Irongron's castle, pausing only to kit herself out in medieval garb (and scandalizing Lady Eleanor by asking for boys' clothes). But when she gets the Doctor back to Wessex Castle, things start to go wrong for her. The Doctor explains to Sir Edward that he is not in fact a black wizard working for Irongron, and Sarah sheepishly tries to keep her options open: she admits that he might be telling the truth, but insists that he might be lying too. Unlike on television Sir Edward and Lady Eleanor are resolute: they are unimpressed by Sarah's vacillation and can see the truth in the Doctor's words. He is asked, 'Will you make your magic for us?', and he agrees, only demurring that it's not in fact magic.

He will need a workshop, he says, and Sir Edward assigns him an appropriate chamber. 'Thank you,' says the Doctor. 'And you're coming there with me now, Sarah. We'll do this in private, I think.' He takes her by the nape of the neck and steers her towards the door.

Lady Eleanor is perspicacious. 'Hal the Archer shall wait upon you with the birch rod,' she says.

Sarah shudders and bites her tongue. The Doctor gives Eleanor a slight bow, and a charming smile. 'Thank you, your ladyship, but I prefer my own methods.' And as the Doctor leads Sarah out, we stay on Sir Edward and his wife, silently marveling at what magical chastisement can be in store for Sarah.

Then we cut to Sarah, horizontal across the Doctor's knee, with her legs out straight behind her. He firmly yanks up the skirt of her jerkin, exposing her round bottom in closefitting woollen tights. Without thinking he flexes his Pethlan fingers and reaches for the waistband, but then stops himself. This girl **deserves** to be spanked, he thinks: spanked for not leaving the research center when she was supposed to, spanked

for telling Rubeish that the Doctor was a spy, spanked for stowing away on the TARDIS, spanked for getting herself captured and spanked for the whole 'black wizard' story she spun to the Wessexes. If this were Jo Grant, he'd be administering the soundest spanking he can give, probably on her bare bottom. He might not even have turned down that offer of a birch rod. But this girl is not his assistant: she's just a nosy reporter who blundered into his life, and he won't be seeing her again after he returns her to her own time in the TARDIS. He can afford to be lenient with her.

That is not quite how it feels to Sarah as the sound of spanking echoes around the stonework, but she thanks her stars that she asked Lady Eleanor to kit her out in boy's clothes: even with her short skirt raised, she still has the thick woollen tights protecting her bottom from the full weight of the angry Doctor's reprisals!

For the second raid on Irongron's castle, however, it's back to medieval women's clothes: Sarah is to penetrate the kitchen and drug the bandits' meal. As on television, she's caught doing it by Meg the head kitchen wench, and responds by putting on a superior voice and threatening to have the hag flogged. Big mistake in the television story: she can't sustain the haughty act and drops into the role of a hungry food thief begging for mercy. Bigger mistake in the Spanking Adventures version of the story! 'A flogging, is it?' says Meg. The younger kitchen wenches look anxiously at one another, knowing exactly what's about to happen. 'I'll teach you to steal from my kitchen,' she says, grabbing Sarah by the ear. Meg looks across at the junior wenches. 'And this'll learn you all to think twice before you cheek me!' The wenches nod eagerly, thankful not to be in Sarah's position yet each one anxious lest she should be next.

Meg pulls Sarah across to a bench, sits down and puts her firmly across her lap. If there's any part of Sarah which thinks 'Not again!', it's stifled in panic as she feels her long skirt being lifted out of the way. Her bottom is exposed, quivering and almost totally unprotected. 'By the time I've finished with you,' says Meg, 'those pink buttocks will be as red as ripe apples!'

Meg is a trifle short-sighted, and there's little sensitivity of touch left in her rough, work-calloused hand. What she cannot see or feel is that she is not in fact spanking Sarah on her bare bottom: she is wearing pink panties, a garment quite unknown to these women of the middle ages. This means that, as far as Meg can tell, the spanking is not having the desired effect: Sarah is yelping and bucking with each slap, legs helplessly flailing the air and fists pounding the floor, but her bottom is still the pristine pink it was when the punishment began!

'There's not a girl's bottom in England that I can't redden when she needs it,' says Meg, rising to the challenge. She rolls her sleeve up and spans away with renewed vigour, raising her hand higher with each

slap. If Sarah's pleas for mercy were an act before, they're now in earnest, but her bottom remains stubbornly pink as the frustrated Meg calls for wooden spoons, skillets and other kitchen implements to spank her with.

'It must be witchcraft keeps your bum so pink,' growls Meg as she raises the wooden spoon and brings it smacking down. Sarah squeals, but Meg's words prick her memory and in a flash she realizes what's happening. If only she'd chosen the red panties that morning in the research center! Gritting her teeth, she reaches behind her, hooks a thumb into the waistband of her panties and slips them down. Her bottom is glowing very red. The wooden spoon lands with a crack across her bare skin, and Meg delivers three more blows before leaning back with a sigh of satisfaction. 'I told you I'd do it, girl,' she says, then tosses Sarah's disordered skirts back into a more modest position. Sarah gets up gingerly and tries to wriggle her panties back up, wincing as the cotton chafes against her tender bottom.

With that it's back to the televised story - except that she won't be sitting down to dinner when she gets back to Wessex Castle!